

THE SEVENTH DAY

By Fannie Hurst



"AT LEAST, WEAR YOUR KNIGHT'S COLORS."

MINNIE worked in the Biggest Store. Six days out of her week she doled out hairpins and thread, and wore tissue-paper wristlets; six days she called "cash" and carried a lead pencil in her hair; six evenings she ate her lonely little meal in a "Tables-for-Ladies" luncheon, and one hour later crept wearily into her small iron bed. But, ah, on the seventh!

This history has to do with the seventh.

At six o'clock on Sunday afternoon Minnie took her tan suit off its wire hanger, dragged her bathbox from under the bed and unearthed a small and scarcely worn pair of tan pumps.

While she discarded the sateen shirt waist for the tan outfit we will discuss her.

Minnie lived in a hall bedroom, with a small iron bed, bureau, washstand, bowl and pitcher, a straight-backed chair and two feet of floor space. She cooked her breakfast, which invariably consisted of a boiled egg and two toasted soda crackers, over the gas jet, and there were a pewter spoon and a china egg cup in a glass vase on Minnie's bureau and a paper-back copy of "Lady Aubrey's Secret" inserted beneath the mirror.

But there was a queer circumstance. On the seventh day Minnie emerged from her chrysalis and black sateen shirt waist like a butterfly. The days were left to the empty cocoon of the week. From 4 until 5 o'clock each Sunday Minnie Stradford ceased to be simultaneously she discarded the sateen shirt waist for the tan suit and the weary yesterday and the glowing hour, which was the beacon of all the weary ones that preceded it.

At each week end there was \$1.50 in Minnie's tan purse; that meant a club steak, the quiet dignity of the red of the steak, the quiet dignity of the red of the steak, the quiet dignity of the red of the steak.

When she strolled into the marble lobby of the highest-storied and highest-priced hotel on Broadway she was flushed with a beauty that is commonly born of morning sleep and massage; when she entered a quiet corner of one of the numerous and perfumed parlors she was a daughter of fortune, fresh from her bath of milk and rose leaves. Who could know that she was awaiting the grand climax of her week, and the lights were brightest she would venture into the gold dining room for one hour—one dollar and thirty cents' worth of dreamland that had cost her six days of aching feet behind the notion counter? It is true that at 10 o'clock Cinderella was once more in the small iron bed, but the beacon light of an unborn seventh day was shining truly across the week's chrysalis.

Today Minnie put the finishing touches to her toilet with lingering care; she drew the neat-fitting coat snug around her figure and regarded herself over one shoulder. After the manner of women, she fluffed her hair out from beneath her hat with needless repetition, and posed at herself in the mirror, a half smile hovering on her lips and in her eyes.

She pictured herself walking smartly through the lobby, she saw herself heads turn as she passed, she even rehearsed the racy moment when the steel of her knife sank deep into the red of the steak, the quiet dignity of the red of the steak, the quiet dignity of the red of the steak.

Broadway, which is done in pale gold and pink; it is like a small, rare jewel box, softly tufted in sun and lighted with opal globes; through its gracefully hung doors you can see into the glistening lobby beyond, but the only sounds that penetrate are strains of far-away music and the soft swish of women's gowns.

Within this golden retreat, Minnie dropped into the soft embrace of a brocade divan and gave herself up to its luxury; closing her eyes over so slightly, she could imagine herself journeying through Lady Aubrey's gardens, in a gold and crystal sedan chair, with a graceful emu in her posse and calla lilies in Lady Aubrey's hair.

He glanced at his watch. "Since your maid is delayed, may I crave the honor of dining with you?"

"Thank you, but I am dining in my own apartment. I cannot account for this delay. Annette is usually most punctual."

"I am glad to hear that," he replied. "I shall call on you later."

As they passed through the crowded lobby she ventured an explanatory remark: "I almost feel that I am disregarding no convention in dining with you, Mr. Livingston. The wonder of it is that we have not met."

"Life is full of ironies," sighed Mr. Livingston. "They dined beside a splashing fountain with a bank of fern and carnations between them."

"You have redeemed a hopeless, dreary day for a dreary old bachelor," she smiled at him through the fretwork of ferns.

"And you have tempted my adventurous nature to a shocking indiscretion," she said. "I wish that I might tempt you to reveal your name."

She sighed appreciatively. "I sometimes even long to change places with my maid."

"I cannot tell you how all this interests me," he said. "Often have I sat behind my chauffeur and envied him, but I have never been able to do so."

"If you will pardon the personality, cannot escape the feeling that we have met before. Could it have been on the continent?"

"Doubtless," she replied. "One meets so many."

"No, I was in Italy last autumn, but I have heard Lady Aubrey mention Lady Stanhope's house parties."

"It grows late," she remarked. "They passed out through the crowded dining room and the brilliant lobby. At the entrance to the little parlor she gave him her hand."

"His eyes read to hers with well-bred insistence. She stirred uneasily, and looked toward her wraps."

"It grows late," she remarked. "They passed out through the crowded dining room and the brilliant lobby. At the entrance to the little parlor she gave him her hand."

"His eyes read to hers with well-bred insistence. She stirred uneasily, and looked toward her wraps."

"It grows late," she remarked. "They passed out through the crowded dining room and the brilliant lobby. At the entrance to the little parlor she gave him her hand."

"His eyes read to hers with well-bred insistence. She stirred uneasily, and looked toward her wraps."

"It grows late," she remarked. "They passed out through the crowded dining room and the brilliant lobby. At the entrance to the little parlor she gave him her hand."

have already been sufficiently indiscreet."

"I dared not hope that you would heed me," he said.

"She watched him blow thoughtful wreaths of cigarette smoke, and leaned back in her chair contentedly. "Is it possible," he asked her slowly, "that I could have met you at one of Lady Stanhope's house parties last autumn? I think I am beginning to place you."

"No, I was in Italy last autumn, but I have heard Lady Aubrey mention Lady Stanhope's house parties."

"It grows late," she remarked. "They passed out through the crowded dining room and the brilliant lobby. At the entrance to the little parlor she gave him her hand."

"His eyes read to hers with well-bred insistence. She stirred uneasily, and looked toward her wraps."

"It grows late," she remarked. "They passed out through the crowded dining room and the brilliant lobby. At the entrance to the little parlor she gave him her hand."

"His eyes read to hers with well-bred insistence. She stirred uneasily, and looked toward her wraps."

"It grows late," she remarked. "They passed out through the crowded dining room and the brilliant lobby. At the entrance to the little parlor she gave him her hand."

"His eyes read to hers with well-bred insistence. She stirred uneasily, and looked toward her wraps."

"It grows late," she remarked. "They passed out through the crowded dining room and the brilliant lobby. At the entrance to the little parlor she gave him her hand."

"His eyes read to hers with well-bred insistence. She stirred uneasily, and looked toward her wraps."

INSPECTS NURSING WORK OF AMERICAN WOMEN IN TWELVE COUNTRIES OF EUROPE

BY MISS CLARA D. NOYES.

DURING the war, the task of providing qualified nurses for the Army and Navy and Red Cross service demanded constant application and twelve out of twenty-four hours' work daily. Since the signing of the armistice the readjustment of the American Red Cross organization from a war to peace basis has required thoughtful consideration. In this manner four years have slipped by before an opportunity presented itself whereby I could make a general inspection of all Red Cross nursing activities in order to determine the character of work being done by Red Cross nurses and their relation to the present policy of American Red Cross health units in Europe. So it was not until six months ago that I felt free to relinquish my responsibilities at national headquarters and for a time assume those which lay across the sea.

Two substantial reasons prompted this tour, which extended over a period of four months. First—That I might make a general inspection of all Red Cross nursing activities in order to determine the character of work being done by Red Cross nurses and their relation to the present policy of American Red Cross health units in Europe. Second—To make a study of the modern schools of nursing which have been organized with the co-operation of the American Red Cross to instruct native women in various countries heretofore without a modern system of nursing; also to consider requests for assistance with the organization of schools in other countries.

Owing to these activities being scattered the length and breadth of the continent, upon landing in France on September 27 I found my itinerary to include France, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Poland, Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, Albania, Montenegro, Dalmatia and Italy.

While the majority of nurses were withdrawn from Europe upon the signing of the armistice, approximately 120 now remain engaged in constructive work such as public health nursing and organizing modern schools of nursing for native women. Deeply impressed by the splendid American women who served as nurses during the war, convinced that they had lost nothing socially by choosing this profession as a career, aided by the changed social and economic conditions of their countries, many young women of the better classes in Europe are now looking forward to nursing as a life work and are entering the schools which American Red Cross nurses are organizing. Quite generally, nursing in Europe has not been regarded as a profession or as one suitable for the educated classes, but rather as a medical occupation, the pursuit of which was for the servant class.

Four schools have already been started with American Red Cross co-operation in Prague, Czechoslovakia; Posen and Warsaw, Poland; and Constantinople, Turkey, while Athens, Greece, and Sofia, Bulgaria, have sent formal requests to the Red Cross for assistance. If these institutions are permitted to develop uninterrupted they will ultimately set up modern systems of nursing in their respective countries.

The first of these I visited was the one at Prague. There in that old town of bridges and arches, in one of Europe's most eminent seats of culture, the school of nursing has been established in connection with the state hospital.

This new project for Czechoslovakia owes its being largely to the initiative of Dr. Aloy Masaryk, daughter of the new republic's president, who was instrumental in securing the co-operation of the American Red Cross for its establishment. Aside from being a brilliant leader in the social and political development of her country, Dr. Masaryk has a delightful personality.

While discussing the future of the school with her and the president over after-dinner coffee in the garden of their summer residence, Hubos, they talked freely of the constructive work necessary for the independent state.

Dr. Masaryk said that while her people are suffering temporarily in the hospitals and almshouses, it is by well being of their countries at heart. In Bulgaria the young King Boris is a staunch supporter of modern nursing, and was particularly interested in resuming the school which was started under the patronage of the late Queen Eleanor. This school was established in 1915 under the auspices of the American Red Cross in connection with the Alexander Hospital, at Sofia. Miss Helen Scott Hay, now chief nurse of the American Red Cross commission to Europe, was sent by the Red Cross to organize the work, and had it well under way when Bulgaria threw her lot with Germany. Then it seemed best for Miss Hay and her assistant, Miss Rachel Torrance, to withdraw and return to America.

It was while in Sofia, conferring upon the re-establishment of this institution, that I was quite surprised to have this man walk with me across the chamber, and with his own hands open the doors leading into the anteroom. Thence to proceed across this and throw open the massive doors leading into the outer hall.

While Czechoslovakia is especially

MISS CLARA D. NOYES, President of American Nurses' Association, Returns to Washington After Long Trip Through War-Torn Lands—A Message of Gratitude to Women of This Country Who Have Worked for the Red Cross. Interview With a King, and Another With the President of a New Republic.



MISS CLARA D. NOYES, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN NURSES' ASSOCIATION AND DIRECTOR OF AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSING SERVICE.

(Photo by E. F. Foley.)

progressive in her views, other countries have shaken off the lethargy which was theirs before the war and have come to realize their national need for a professional nursing group in order that the reconstruction work, especially of a public health character, including work with war orphans and refugees, can be carried out in the most intelligent and practical manner. It was gratifying to learn that those most intelligent and progressive of the profession are high officials in their respective governments, and representative intellectual groups who have the social well being of their countries at heart.

In Bulgaria the young King Boris is a staunch supporter of modern nursing, and was particularly interested in resuming the school which was started under the patronage of the late Queen Eleanor. This school was established in 1915 under the auspices of the American Red Cross in connection with the Alexander Hospital, at Sofia. Miss Helen Scott Hay, now chief nurse of the American Red Cross commission to Europe, was sent by the Red Cross to organize the work, and had it well under way when Bulgaria threw her lot with Germany. Then it seemed best for Miss Hay and her assistant, Miss Rachel Torrance, to withdraw and return to America.

It was while in Sofia, conferring upon the re-establishment of this institution, that I was quite surprised to have this man walk with me across the chamber, and with his own hands open the doors leading into the anteroom. Thence to proceed across this and throw open the massive doors leading into the outer hall.

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

long line, and is adhering as closely to the traditions of democracy as is his privilege. He is about twenty-nine years of age, tall, dark and rather delicate in appearance. He is also unmarried.

Upon my arrival at the palace I was much impressed by the simplicity with which the royal household was conducted. Not lace-trimmed nor scarlet-liveried lackey was to be seen.

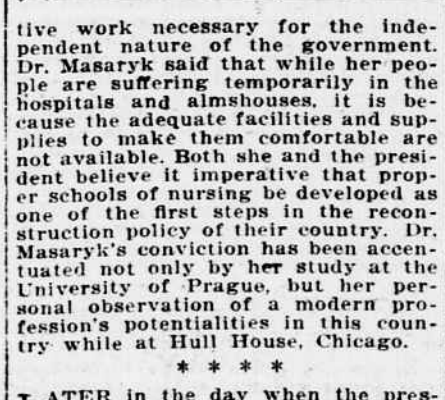
After covering the training schools I turned my energies to the inspection of child welfare activities. Energies, I say, because there are no railroads through much of the territory where my road lay. I was compelled to make hard trips by small

camions and camionettes through Montenegro and Albania, where there are several Red Cross units. The roads are in wretched condition and many bridges are down, burned by retreating armies. Usually, aside from the relentless jolting, these jaunts were uneventful, except in places where one's cannon had to be pulled out of a swollen stream by oxen. However, no matter where I went, from faraway Durazzo, Tirana, Scutari, in Albania; Podgorica, in Montenegro. American Red Cross nurses were found working in the schools, always with the children. The war orphans and refugees, with their pitiful background of suffering, give our nurses ample opportunity to demonstrate their professional skill and sympathy.

In Constantinople and Ragusa, on the Dalmatian coast, where I had expected to do little more than get a boat for Italy, I saw the Russian refugees who poured out of their country during General Wrangel's offensive. Little could be seen of their pitiful condition at Constantinople, as they were crowded on ships in the harbor, living under miserable conditions.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

GROUP OF SERBIAN CHILDREN AT OCHRIDA, WHERE AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSES ARE DOING PUBLIC HEALTH WORK. THE CHILDREN ARE CARED FOR BY NURSES AT THE DISPENSARY.



While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially

While Czechoslovakia is especially